

# Sneaking Around

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Ryuko discovers that Mako is sneaking out at night, but where is she going?

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**Note: I do not own Kill La Kill.**

\*\*\* *Sneaking Around: A Gamako One-Shot*\*\*\*

Finally the soft and even breathing of Ryuko could be heard next to Mako as her friend fell into the dream realm. With an exaggerated caution, Mako blinked a single eye fully open without making any other movement and scanned the room as best she could.

It was really no surprise that she was unable to actually make out anything with her head half enveloped by her pillow, but the noisy snoring emitting from her family members was enough to tell her that she need not fear getting caught.

That was of course as long as she did not wake anyone up with her movements. Turning almost robotically onto her back, she noiselessly slid out of the covers as though she were a snake. A slight murmur from Ryuko was enough to cause her to stop still in her tracks, unnaturally positioned at an angle of approximately 125.7 degrees.

After a moment of Ryuko swallowing loudly and smacking her wet lips together, Mako had enough to courage to resume her escape. Tip toeing gently to the cupboard she withdrew her uniform and changed into it, throwing her pyjamas carelessly on the floor.

Taking one last look at her snoring friend and family, Mako slid her duffle coat on and skipped happily out of the house into the late evening.

Ryuko's eyes shot wide as she heard the door click back into place behind Mako. Turning swiftly she realised her friend was gone.

Not wasting a moment to hesitate, Ryuko lifted herself off the ground thinking the worst. *Someone's kidnapped Mako!*

She was about to reach for Senketsu when she noticed the pile of pyjamas on the floor to her side. Ryuko blinked.

"Mako hasn't been left... Willingly?" Her brow contorted as she tried to think of where her friend may be going without having said.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the loud and overly contented humming of none other than Mako herself coming from the alley.

"Only one way to find out." Ryuko smiled as she reached for her kamui.

To her surprise, Mako didn't wander too far away. Keeping to the shadows, Ryuko tracked her blissfully ignorant friend to a house very like all the others in the slums. Really nothing more than a run down shack. Upon reaching her destination, Mako suddenly puffed out her cheeks and turned her head carefully from left to right making an all to obvious scan of the area.

Upon finding things satisfactorily quiet, Mako shut her eyes and grinned as she stepped into the house before her.

Tip toeing quietly over, Ryuko stationed herself under a window of the shack and took a quick peek over the sill. The room was too dark to make anything out, but she was certain she could hear the light tread of Mako's feet.

Drawing back from the window, Ryuko pressed her ear firmly against the thin wall betting that she could catch some conversation.

After a few moments of very muffled talking from one voice which seemed much too low to be Mako's, Ryuko heard a loud;  
"Oooooooooohhhhhhhh!" Which unmistakably belonged to her friend.

"But we do that every time!" She heard her friend whine loudly, a faint reverberation hinting at the motion of stomping feet.

*Every time? How many nights has Mako sneaked out?*

The bass voice didn't respond for a moment, or perhaps it responded to quietly for Ryuko to hear. Regardless, it was obvious that whoever Mako was rendezvousing with was a boy, to be more precise, a man (the voice was much too low to belong to a boy).

After a few moments Mako could be heard responding first with a loud sigh. "Okay, okay! But Mako doesn't really like this game..."

Ryuko's brow furrowed in curiosity. *Games?*

It sounded as though things were being moved around inside. Mako could be heard shouting incoherently and she was very likely jumping around again, although the tone of her shouting indicated happiness.

Finally everything went still.

"... Definitely sure about..."

"... Your worst..."

"But I don't want to..."

"... Like it this way..."

"I always knew you were a little bit perverted..." Mako's voice giggled gleefully.

Ryuko pressed all the harder against the wall when she heard the word 'perverted'. Her friend could have moments of brilliance, but they were greatly outnumbered by her moments of utter stupidity and Ryuko was on high alert at the thought of her friend being taking advantage of.

After a moment of silence Mako's voice shouted something that Ryuko couldn't hear very well which was followed by a soft but nonetheless startling *THWACK* .

Ryuko's eyes widened. What on earth was going on in there?

A slight murmur followed the sound to which Mako gave a high pitched, "HAI!"

*THWACK!*

It came again, louder and stronger than the last time. This time a masculine grunt could be heard directly after it along with a low grumble.

*THWACK!* grunt.

Ryuko felt herself become dizzy. What was making that sound? It was getting stronger, whatever it was it was not the sounds of a romantic make-out session.

*THWACK!*

Moan?

Ryuko began to sweat. She needed to know what was happening in there.

Pulling herself up to the ledge of the window again she realised that there was a heavy blind obscuring her view. Frantically turning away from the useless window she realised there was one much higher up.

*THWAACK!*

Definite moaning followed this time.

Ryuko's eyes scanned the alley quickly spotting a trash can which she immediately launched herself upon and hauled under the window, climbing noiselessly on top.

*THWAACK!*

"What?!"

Her pupils disappeared into tiny pinpricks of black as she beheld the scene within this shack.

In the centre of a relatively bare room stood a towering mass of muscle, knelt down on his knees, his head inclined backwards. Feet and hands were bound tightly by ropes and a white gag was tied over Gamagoori's mouth which he was biting into fiercely, his face and chest showing signs of beginning to sweat from the strain they were obviously under despite the vacant and somewhat ecstasy filled look which had cast itself over his eyes. He was naked save a pair of tight white shorts which left little to the imagination.

Standing behind him with a drunken look on her wildly beaming face was none other than Mako. Her hand was raised to lower the whip mercilessly on Gamagoori's now smarting back, a hint of pink overcoming her features as her chest heaved in and out.

Ryuko had to take a moment to recover herself as she watched the *THWAAACK* draw a long and disturbingly pleasures moan from Gamagoori whose muscles were pulsating with veins.

"Can we stop now Gama-chan?" Mako suddenly asked, her power lusty face replaced with her everyday oblivious charm within the blink of an eye.

Gamagoori swallowed hard as he regained himself more slowly from his indulgence. "Three more strokes Mako, then we can do whatever you want."

"Ohh, somebodies been naughty, I see!" Mako grinned and bounced happily giving off short rounds of applause. "Okay! Lets do it, lets do it, lets do it!" She chanted fervently clasping the whip tightly once more, a look of determination spreading over her features as she stood erect.

Ryuko felt a slight urge to throw up. She knew Gamagoori was serious about discipline but she hadn't realised that he was *THAT* serious about it. Still, Mako looked happy enough, and as long as it

wasn't her that was being punished, she didn't see why she should interfere with personal tastes.

After taking a few moments to sort things out in her mind she alighted from the rubbish bin with a quiet thud and made about replacing the trash can so as not to alert any suspicion. Knowing Gamagoori, there was a reason he was meeting Mako so inconspicuously and he was bound to be doing a thorough job of making sure that their secret was safe.

Ryuko was half way down the alley when she heard a high pitched scream come from the shack.

"MAKO!" She couldn't help shouting as she rushed back, her feet moving like lightning.

Without a moments hesitation she threw herself at the door and rolled in through the entrance, jumping to her feet in preparation for combat...

"M-MATOI?!"

Ryuko blushed furiously as she beheld the reason for Mako's scream. Gamagoori defensively pulling his hands on top of his groin, his cheeks turning pink as he grimaced at her.

"Ryuko-chan! Fancy seeing you here!" Mako beamed innocently, her hands lightly resting atop Gamagoori's thighs which were fencing her body in against the floor. Her school uniform had been tossed aside leaving Mako adorned only by her nude coloured underwear.

Ryuko averted her eyes immediately, the heat from her face feeling as though it might challenge the sun.

"I... I didn't see anything!" She cried defiantly, her hand coming up to rest over her eyes as she tried to forget the image of an aroused Gamagoori from her mind. "I'll be going now..."



"Oh, so soon?" Mako asked sadly. "Alrighty, well I'll see you tomorrow morning!" She shouted jubilantly after a shaken Ryuko who was sparing no time in getting as far away from the love birds as possible.

When Ryuko awoke the next morning she was surprised to see the deep asleep face of Mako beside her, her mouth wide open with a long line of drool hanging from it.

*Maybe it was a dream? No...* The vivid imprint of Gamagoori which refused to fade convinced her that she had certainly not been dreaming.

Yawning tiredly, Mako blinked her eyes open and ascended slowly from bed, an event almost unheard of for her.

Ryuko watched her with curiosity as she blearily and un-Mako-likely dressed for school and gobbled up her breakfast all with a very low key tenacity.

As the two girls trudged away from their home towards school, Ryuko became aware of Mako falling behind.

"Mako, are you alright?"

Mako nodded tiredly with a light smile as she caught up to Ryuko. "Oh I'm wonderful. Only do you mind if we don't walk so fast today? My legs are pretty sore..."

Ryuko blushed furiously again as her intruding visions returned once more.

"No kidding..."

**Thank you for reading. Reviews and criticisms are welcome.**